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A BURNT CORK BARRAGE

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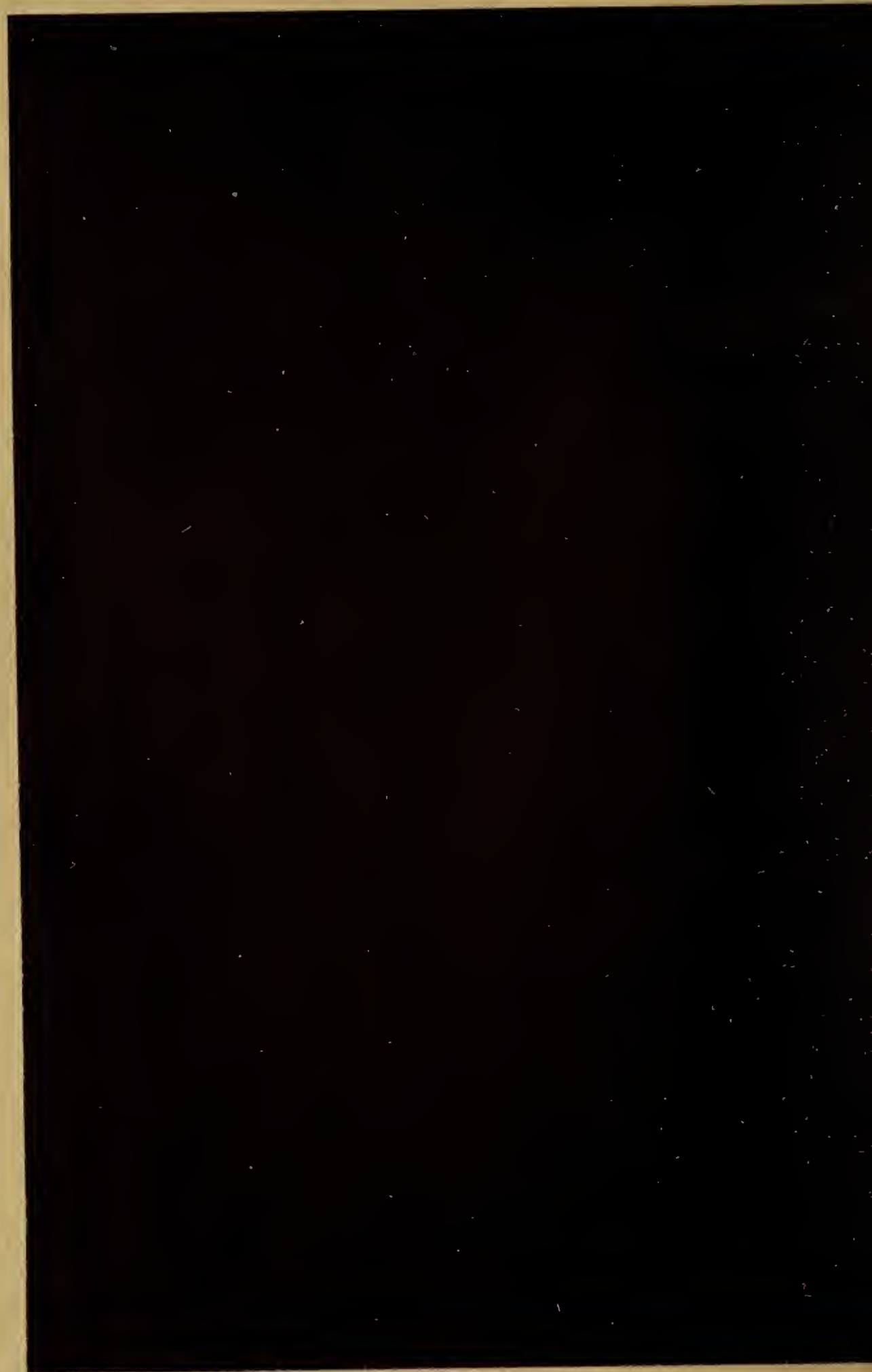
OCT 2 1944

A BURNT CORK BARRAGE



T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

Price, 35 Cents



A BURNT CORK BARRAGE

MINSTREL MATERIAL WITH A
MILITARY FLAVOR

FOR

The "Vets" to Use in Their Shows

BY

WADE STRATTON



MADE IN U. S. A.

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

• • • MAKE IT SNAPPY!

*You're back in civvies once again;
The battle flags are furled.
Now some of you are "out o' luck,"
And some "sit on the world."
But while you're staging minstrel shows
A hand we would extend
To every buddy, King of Cork,
Who's "sittin' on the end."*

A BURNT CORK BARRAGE

SOME OPENING SHOTS.

INTERLOCUTOR. How are you feeling this evening, Mr. Blank?

ENDMAN. Just like a can of corned beef.

INTER. Like a can of corned beef? How's that?

ENDMAN. Bully

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INTER. And you, Mr. Bones. What is the state of your health?

ENDMAN. I'm feelin' like a general in the front line trenches.

INTER. Like a general in the front line trenches? What do you mean?

ENDMAN. Out of sight.

INTER. And how about you, Mr. Tambo?

ENDMAN. I'm gettin' along like a buck private in the front line trenches.

INTER. Is that so? In what respect do you resemble a buck private at the front?

ENDMAN. I have to keep scratchin' to get along.

INTER. Well, Mr. White, you haven't been heard from.

ENDMAN. That's because I feel like a dud.

INTER. That's ridiculous. A dud is a shell that hasn't exploded.

ENDMAN. Well, didn't you just say that I hadn't been heard from?

INTER. How about you, Mr. Brown?

ENDMAN. I'm feelin' just like a volunteer.

INTER. How's that?

ENDMAN. Ready to step to the front.

INTER. And you, Mr. Smith?

ENDMAN. Like a bundle of T. N. T.

INTER. How's that?

ENDMAN. Goin' to make an awful hit.

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT—

INTER. I just learned today that you are a hero of the world war.

ENDMAN. Uh-huh. I'm him.

INTER. How interesting. Suppose you relate something of your exploits. I suppose you did your share?

ENDMAN. I sure did. I remember one day I cut off the feet of two thousand of the enemy.

INTER. The feet of two thousand of the enemy? Why didn't you cut off their heads?

ENDMAN. Somebody else did that before I got there.

INTER. Well, you were a brave soldier. What did the general say?

ENDMAN. He said to me, "My boy, you have done away with the entire enemy, but flee for your life. There are thirty thousand bears coming up the hill!"

INTER. That was terrible. What did you do?

ENDMAN. I started to run, but one big bear came right after me. I run like the dickens.

INTER. Yes, yes?

ENDMAN. I ran to a tree, climbed up the tree, pulled the tree up after me, and there stood the bear with his mouth wide open.

INTER. What did you do then?

ENDMAN. I saw that there was but one way. I jumped down from the tree, rammed my hand down the bear's throat, turned him wrong side out, and he ran the other way.

INTER. Do you expect me to believe that?

ENDMAN. Not yet. Wait. Then that darned old bear started to laugh.

INTER. Hold on. What made him laugh?

ENDMAN. When I turned him wrong side out the fur got on the inside, and tickled him to death.

A GIFTED LINGUIST.

INTER. What outfit were you with,—stevedores?

ENDMAN. Nope. Cuspidors.

INTER. What did you do on the other side?

ENDMAN. I done a little crap-shootin' on the side.

INTER. I mean, what did you do when you were overseas?

ENDMAN. I was a languager.

INTER. "Languager"? You mean "linguist"; perhaps you were an interpreter.

ENDMAN. I mean "languager"; that's all.

INTER. You mean you speak and understand foreign languages?

ENDMAN. Correct.

INTER. I'll test you. Parlez-vous francaise?

ENDMAN. Quee-quee.

INTER. Not "quee-quee"; oui, oui.

ENDMAN. All right, wee-wee; all of us.

INTER. Do you know what "oui, oui," means?

ENDMAN. Quee-quee is French for "yes."

INTER. See if you can answer this: "Voulez-vous promenade avec moi ce soir?"

ENDMAN. Quack-quack.

INTER. What does that mean?

ENDMAN. Duck!

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HOW FASHION WON THE WAR.

ENDMAN. You know what short skirts the women wore during the war?

INTER. Yes; it was perfectly disgraceful.

ENDMAN. Better be careful what you say. That style was invented for patriotic reasons.

INTER. Oh, I see; to economize on cloth.

ENDMAN. No, that wasn't the reason.

INTER. Certainly that was the reason.

ENDMAN. Certainly that was *not* the reason.

INTER. Well, if you know so much, suppose you tell us the reason.

ENDMAN. It was so that the boys that was drafted couldn't hide behind the women's skirts.

8 8 8

HEAVY SHOOTING.

INTER. Why are you so deep in thought?

ENDMAN. I was just thinking of the shooting that was going on once in front of the guard-house.

INTER. Shooting?

ENDMAN. You said it.

INTER. What happened?

ENDMAN. I had just laid down a twenty-franc note when some onery cuss shoots a seven.

8 8 8

OUTA LUCK.

INTER. What was your rank in the army?

ENDMAN. I was just about as rank as the rest of 'em.

INTER. I mean, were you a private in the army?

ENDMAN. Man, there wasn't nothin' private about that man's army.

INTER. I mean, were you just a plain enlisted man?

ENDMAN. No, sir, I wasn't no plain enlisted man. I was drafted.

INTER. Then you didn't get a commission.

ENDMAN. No. Just thirty dollars a month, and no commission.

INTER. Were you ever in the guard-house?

ENDMAN. Once.

INTER. What did they put you in the guard-house for?

ENDMAN. For slapping a mule in the face.

INTER. Do you mean to say that they put you in the guard-house for slapping a mule in the face?

ENDMAN. That's what they done.

INTER. How was that?

ENDMAN. There was a major at the other end of the mule.

INTER. What did they make you do while you were under arrest?

ENDMAN. They had me doing K. C.

INTER. You mean K. P.

ENDMAN. I means just what I says; K. C.

INTER. Well, what kind of duty is K. C.?

ENDMAN. Killin' cooties.

8 8 8

MORE THAN HALF SHOT.

INTER. They tell me you saw considerable service in France.

ENDMAN. I sure did. I was in a battle one day, and believe me, I got some shot into me. They saw I was all in, and they laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon—

INTER. Hold on. You don't mean ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance.

ENDMAN. I know what I'm saying. I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon.

8 8 8

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

INTER. You have a reputation for being very charitably inclined.

ENDMAN. Come again?

INTER. I mean you are said to have a very generous heart. Always giving things to people.

ENDMAN. You said something. Ever since I was a mere child I was—I was—what you said.

INTER. I see; you got an early start.

ENDMAN. When I first started to school I was always giving things away. I hadn't been in school a week before I gave every kid in our class the measles.

INTER. I am very glad to know of your charitable nature. Now, I am collecting cast-off clothing for the desti-

tute and suffering in Europe, and would like to have you donate some apparel.

ENDMAN. A barrel of doughnuts?

INTER. I said, "donate some apparel." Haven't you an old, ragged, worn-out, dilapidated suit of clothes?

ENDMAN. Yes, sir, I has.

INTER. Well, what are you going to do with it?

ENDMAN. When I go home tonight, I'm going to—do you know what I'm going to do with that old, ragged, worn-out suit?

INTER. What are you going to do?

ENDMAN. I'm going to take it off and hang it up carefully. And then I'm going to put it on again tomorrow morning.

INTER. (*apologetically*). I certainly beg your pardon.

ENDMAN. That's all right.

INTER. I wouldn't have said anything about it if I had known your wardrobe was so depleted.

ENDMAN. Not pleated; ragged.

INTER. Why didn't you tell me you were hard up? I would have helped you out.

ENDMAN. I asked my landlady to help me out.

INTER. And did she help you out?

ENDMAN. Help me out? She threw me out. I don't know where I'll get breakfast tomorrow.

INTER. As bad as that? Well, I can't do much, but I can help a little. Here's a dime toward your breakfast. (*Gives ENDMAN a dime. ENDMAN takes dime, bites it to see if it is good, and puts it in his pocket.*) Well, don't I even get a word of thanks for the dime?

ENDMAN. Man, don't you know that since the war you can't get *nothing* for a dime?

8 8 8

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

INTER. How did you put in your time during the war?

ENDMAN. I put in most of it in the brig.

INTER. Disgraceful! On what charge were you imprisoned?

ENDMAN. No charge. Everything was free.

INTER. I mean, what put you there?

ENDMAN. Two M. P.'s.

INTER. No, no; *why* were you put in the brig?

ENDMAN. Just a difference of opinion between me and the captain.

INTER. Why, he couldn't have you imprisoned for that.

ENDMAN. Maybe he couldn't, but he did.

INTER. How was it you couldn't get along with the captain?

ENDMAN. Oh, I could get along with him fine. But he couldn't seem to get along with me.

INTER. You are evading the question, sir. I asked you the cause of your being arrested.

ENDMAN. We just couldn't agree on a political question.

INTER. Let me see if I have this right. Your captain kept you in prison simply because you couldn't agree on a political question?

ENDMAN. You said it.

INTER. What was the political question?

ENDMAN. Prohibition.

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A HOSPITAL CASE.

INTER. I understand you were badly gassed while overseas.

ENDMAN. You understand a plenty. I ain't got over it yet.

INTER. Then why aren't you in a hospital?

ENDMAN. I just got out of the hospital. Finest place I was ever in.

INTER. Well, if you haven't been cured, why did you leave?

ENDMAN. I got sick and had to leave.

INTER. Aren't you going back?

ENDMAN. You bet; just as soon as I get well enough.

EXTREME BRAVERY.

INTER. I just heard today that you were a world war veteran. I never knew that you were in the army.

ENDMAN. Yes, sir. I done squads right and west and round about.

INTER. Suppose you tell us of some of your heroic feats?

ENDMAN. I don't know about my feats being heroic, but when it come to speed they done their duty.

INTER. You don't comprehend. I mean, did you ever do anything that required bravery?

ENDMAN. I got married once.

INTER. Is that all?

ENDMAN. Ain't that enough?

INTER. When you were in the army did you receive any decorations?

ENDMAN. Got some when I was shooting craps.

INTER. What are you trying to tell me? You say you received some decorations while you were indulging in African golf?

ENDMAN. I sure did.

INTER. What decorations did you receive?

ENDMAN. Two black eyes and a busted nose.

INTER. Then you displayed no bravery in the line of duty?

ENDMAN. You should have seen me on picket duty.

INTER. From the answers you have been giving to my questions, I doubt whether you even know the meaning of picket duty.

ENDMAN. Course I know the meaning of picket duty. Didn't I say I done picket duty?

INTER. Well, what is picket duty?

ENDMAN. The top kick would steal a chicken, and then I'd have to pick it..

THE COMPANY MASCOT.

ENDMAN. Did you hear about the mascot our company had?

INTER. No. What was it?

ENDMAN. A goat. We called him "Button Hole."

INTER. Why did you name him "Button Hole?"

ENDMAN. He went around a-buttin'. And he had no nose.

INTER. No nose? Why, how did he smell?

ENDMAN. Terrible. ♂ ♂ ♂ .

A GAS ATTACK.

A Blackface Sidewalk Skit.

CHARACTERS.

JACK.....The Swell

BLACK.....The Rummy

JACK *enters briskly from L. and steps forward at C. as though starting to make a speech.*

JACK. Ladies and gentlemen, I—

BLACK *enters from R., carrying a half-pint flask in his hand, crosses and exits L. JACK halts speech and watches BLACK'S actions.*

JACK (*resuming when BLACK has gone*). Ladies, and gentlemen, if you will give me a few moments, I—

BLACK *enters from L., with quart bottle, crosses and exits R. JACK watches him as before.*

JACK. Ladies and gentlemen, as I started to say, I am about to—

BLACK *enters from R., with a jug, crosses and exits L. Same business.*

JACK (*desperately*). Ladies and gentlemen! If I can have your attention for just a few moments, I—

BLACK *enters from L., carrying a keg over his shoulder, and starts to cross.*

JACK. Company—halt! (BLACK stops short and faces JACK.) What are you, a bootlegger?

BLACK. Me?

JACK. Yes, you!

BLACK. Man, Ah ain't no bootlegger. Ah's a producer, not a middle-man.

JACK. I'm a friend of yours. Give me a drink.

BLACK. Ah wouldn't give no friend of mine a drink from dis keg.

JACK. It's white mule, isn't it?

BLACK. No, suh. White hen.

JACK. White hen? What's that?

BLACK. One drink, and dar you lays. (*Starts to go.*)

JACK. Say there, Midnight.

BLACK. "Midnight?" Who you callin' "Midnight"? You's about quarteh past eleven, yo'seff.

JACK. Where did you get that medal?

BLACK. In de army.

JACK. Did you get to France?

BLACK. Dat's where Ah was decorated.

JACK. For bravery?

BLACK. No; slavery.

JACK. How long were you over there?

BLACK. Two years.

JACK. What did you do?

BLACK. Two years.

JACK. Did you get any chevrons?

BLACK. Dey give some to me, but I had to take 'em off my sleeve.

JACK. Misconduct?

BLACK. No; sore nose (*wipes nose on sleeve*).

JACK. Were you ever in a barrage?

BLACK. Ah worked in one for a while. But Ah feels mo' to home in a livery stable.

JACK. I didn't say "garage." I said "barrage." Were you ever out there in the trenches, when it seemed as though you were on the threshold of eternity; when the boom of the distant artillery mingled with the deathlike shriek of

the shells flying overhead; with the high explosive falling close at hand? (*Very dramatic.*) Do you remember the cry of exultant warriors and the groans of the maimed and dying comrades ringing in your ears? And in the midst of this awful scene of destruction and carnage you chafed, like an impatient blood hound at the leash, while waiting for the longed-for command that would come at the zero hour which you knew was close at hand—

BLACK (*interrupting*). Man, don't try to tell me nothin'. Ah laid in a ditch for two long days an' nights, Ah did, an' Ah knows all 'bout—

JACK (*eagerly*). Yes? And you were showered with 75's?

BLACK. Showered nothin'. When Ah laid in a ditch for two long days an' nights Ah was soaked—with 110-proof.

JACK. Disgraceful! And yet I suppose you thought that you were the bravest man in the world.

BLACK. No, sah; Jawge Crossington was de—

JACK. Wait a minute; you mean George Washington.

BLACK. Didn't you never hear 'bout Jawge Crossington washin' de Delaware?

JACK. You mean George Washington crossing the Delaware.

BLACK. Well, anyway, Jawge Crossington was de bravest man in de world. He never was licked in his life.

JACK. Oh, yes, he was; thousands of times.

BLACK. What you talkin' 'bout, man? Jawge Crossington licked thousands of times!

JACK. He certainly was.

BLACK. How come?

JACK. On postage stamps (*laughs*).

BLACK. Hm. Well, dey had to do it behind his back.

JACK. I suppose if there's another war you'll enlist?

BLACK. Man, if dey's another war I'll take to de woods, and if dey find me befo' de war's over dey'll have to burn down de woods and sift de ashes.

JACK. You don't appreciate all that your Uncle Sam did

for you when you were wearing the glorious uniform of olive drab.

BLACK. Go on; what did he do for me?

JACK. What did he *do* for you? Why, what *didn't* he do for you?

BLACK. You ain't axin' me. Ah's axin' you. What did he do for me?

JACK. Well, for one thing, he taught you how to sing. Singing is a fine thing in the army. Don't you remember that good old song of the Spanish-American war, "Good-Bye, Dolly Gray"?

BLACK. M-hm; dat was sure a grand old song. But you ought to hear de song Ah sang de day Ah got discharged. It was a better song dan "Good-Bye Dolly Gray."

JACK. Is that so? What was it?

BLACK. Good-bye, olive drab.

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COOTIES.

A Monologue.

In making cooties the subject of my discourse this evening I have chosen a theme that has been close—very close—to every soldier in France. It is a vital subject. You can't get away from it.

You may feel indifferent about the cootie at first, but sooner or later it gets under your skin.

You may hear people say that cooties were one of the tragedies of the great war. Don't you believe it. Cooties weren't a tragedy. They were a blessing. Although I must admit that some blessings come well disguised.

The reason that cooties were a blessing was that they made it a democratic army. There may have been some republican cooties, too. But their influence, like that of the southern postmasters, was largely democratic.

The army mule may be the symbol of the democratic party, but it was the army cootie that did the dirty work.

It was like this. The cootie was no respecter of rank. He was not prejudiced against the looie with the gold bar (*scratch shoulder*), or the hard boiled top sergeant (*scratch upper arm*), or the buck private without any chevron at all (*scratch other arm*). The cootie didn't care how many service stripes you wore (*scratch wrist*). 597847

Whether the victim wore a Sam Browne belt (*scratch waist*) was nothing in his young life. He wasn't frightened away by a chestful of military decorations (*scratch left side of chest*). Whether you wore bright leather puttees (*scratch leg*) or issue spirals (*scratch other leg*) made no difference to him. Yes, the cootie was the boy that made it a democratic army.

A cootie works like lightning. And he's like lightning in another way besides speed. He never strikes twice in the same place. In fact, he never strikes at all.

Who ever heard of a cootie going on strike for more pay or shorter hours?

It's against their instinct to quit work. A cootie may die, but he never lays off. Keep a cootie on an eight-hour day, and you'd break his heart.

The cootie was the original altruist. He got his full reward in the satisfaction of a job well done.

The cootie was satisfied, but nobody else was.

The trouble with the cooties was that they were too industrious. Why, they set an example of industry that had us all scratching.

The only way to distract their attention from their work was to take a bath.

And when you had exterminated a couple of divisions of them by drowning, they brought up fresh reserves from your bunky before you were half dry.

The cootie was no respecter of persons. He occupied every inch of territory in the war zone—especially doughboy territory.

The only thing that the cootie never heard of was a quiet sector, even the ones that got bombproof jobs back in the S. O. S.

It was in their honor that they named it the S. O. S.—
“Same Old Scratch.”

And some of them got soft billets with the mascots—on the German police dogs and the fox terriers and the Boston bulls. But those cooties didn't have any social standing.

They were nothing but dog-robbers.

The nearer you went to the front, the thicker the cooties got. Some generals never had to unpack the insect powder from their field lockers.

To have cooties didn't prove anything. But if you didn't have them—well, you were a member of either the Paris death battalion or the Ananias club.

Remember the first time you found that you had 'em, you old timers? Have I forgotten? I'll say I haven't.

At first some of the boys thought they had hives. If they had waited until they swarmed, they would have needed a hive to put them in.

But isn't it strange that this historic animal has been so neglected in the world's greatest literature?

Burns is the only poet who had the nerve to mention the cootie. And he didn't admit having had 'em himself.

The cootie that Bobbie Burns said he saw was on a lady's hat. If there are any Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. girls present, now is the time for them to be heard.

The cootie has the honor, however, of having inspired the greatest poem ever written. It was by an Indiana man, and goes like this:

Adam
Had 'em.

If the great poets had had cooties, what do you suppose they would have written about them? Tennyson, for instance:

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Through my itching old O. D.
And I would that with all my scratching,
From scratching I'd be free.

Or suppose that Longfellow had done K. P. and taken his turn in the chow-line. He might have said:

The day is done, and darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
And the boys read their shirts in the billet
By mellow candle light.

Or he might have put on another record, like this:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the buck's occupation
Which is known as the cooties' hour.

Of course every hour belonged to the cootie, but they seemed to be most ambitious just before taps.

Yes, just before taps in the billet,
And the gang is beginning to itch,
So we pore o'er each wrinkle and crevice,
We search every seam and each stitch.

And if Bobby Burns had taken a turn in the trenches, he might have relieved his feelings something like this:

If a cootie meet a cootie,
Running 'round for luck,
Would a cootie bite a cootie?
No, he'd bite the buck.

Every cootie has a cootie,
None, they say, have I;
But whoever says I haven't
Tells an awful lie.

Yes, every cootie has a cootie,
Some have ninety-nine;
I seem to have a million cooties
Jazzing on my spine.

I don't know how we got 'em. Some say we got 'em by contact. Some say they were German propaganda. Some say that Sherman had 'em in mind when he made his remark about war.

If you've never had cooties, you've missed something. But when you go to France to look over the battlefields, there may be some veteran cooties left that you can get to show you what a good time they had during the war.

But don't bring any back with you for pets.

The American legion ought to ask Congress to put a protective tariff on cooties.

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ENCORE BIT.

To be used following the monologue on Cooties, but may be introduced independently by slightly revising the opening remarks.

We have been having fun at the expense of a few of our best beloved poets. Now, stepping from the ridiculous to the sublime, I will take a moment more to recite a poem that was written by one of the boys over there, giving beautiful expression to a moment that most of us remember—when we had to say farewell to our friends on the other side. It goes like this:

Love, the day has come for parting,
Here our ways divide,
Dry those tears I know are starting,
Soon the waves I'll ride.

Yes, we've been the closest buddies,
Closer than a shirt,
In a land where only mud is,
Only mud and dirt.

Oft when aching ennui sank its
Fangs into my heart,
Then you shared my lonely blankets,
Swearing ne'er to part.

But another 'cross the water
Patient, waits for me,
Though you cheered me through the slaughter
So, ma chere, did she.

True the words the poet saith, full,
 Full of bitter gall and blight;
 "Man is seldom ever faithful
 When he's out of sight."

Should you sail across the ocean,
 Pillowed on my breast,
 You would wake an old emotion
 And disturb my rest.

Should you reach my native city,
 'Twould but cause another pain
 I'd be sent (with language pretty)
 Back to France again!

Yes, new hopes old thoughts are rousing,
 Though 'tis hard to tell,
 Comes the day of my de-lousing—
 Cootie, fare thee well!

8 8 8

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

A Colored Welfare Worker's Discourse.

Mah young frien's, it affords me much innocent pleasure, Ah assures you, to look out ovah this hyah sea of upturned faces this evenin'. It is not only a pleasure, mah friends, but likewise it giveth me surprise.

Ah is surprised to see so many husky young debbils out of the brig.

The subject of mah discord this evenin' is not jails, but Ah kin not refrain from mentionin' jails, now that the subjec' has been brung up.

O—o—h, mah frien's, shun the jails! Shun the jails as you would shun the M. P.'s. Lak the second looeys, they is yo' natural enemies. Shun the jails, mah young frien's, even though you gotta go once in a while without a chicken dinneh.

Stealin' chickens is a crime, anyways. An' every one o' you big black boys has stole a chicken at some time or

'nother; maybe you ain't got cotched at it, but you has did it.

That's how come this wah to come.

This wah come as a punishment fo' ou' sins an' ou' crimes! That's why it come!

Lak a big, black cloud loomin' up on the hori—horoz—horiz—Anyway, mah frien's, lak a big black cloud it riz up on to its hind legs an' pointed its finger at yo'-all, an' says, "Hahk, young America, to the beatin' of the flags an' the flyin' of the drums! To ahms! To ahms!"

An' when the cry of wah went fo'th, did you boys set back an' cool yo' feet an' fan yo'seff an' say, "Let Jawge do it?"

Did you go to the doctah an' say, "Please, doc, Ah'd jess love to go to wah, only Ah got flat feet"?

When the draft come along an' says "Hyah, niggah, hyah's a gun so you kin shoot somethin' besides Big Dick an' Little Joe,"—when the draft blew, did it make you blue? Did it or didn't it not? (*Mops brow with red handkerchief.*)

Ah pause, as Shakespeare's immortal Brutus says, fo' a reply. Then none has Ah offended.

That's why Ah says the wah was a punishment fo' yo' crimes. Way back in Geo'gia, all you had to do was to play on yo' mouth-harps all day an' steal watermelons all night—when you wasn't stealin' chickens.

What was the result?

Dar you was in a gran' and glorious lan', whah if watermelons was ammunition they'd have to fight this whole dog-gone wah with razzahs. Yes, suh!

That's how come this hyah wah to come!

All yo' evil pastimes was done swep' away. You went over as a punishment fo' yo' misdeeds. If any of you hadn't done no misdeeds, then you was sho' out o' luck. Because you went anyway.

You had to tread the straight an' narrow path. You had to cut out the wine, women and song. That's what Ah done preached to you niggahs from the day Ah landed with

yo' all at Bordeaux. Cut out the wine, women an' song, Ah says. Cut 'em out! An' did you do it? You sho' did.

When you got back to the States, you found that they had done cut out the wine fo' you. And you found the women votin', an' yo' own vote wasn't worth no mo' than half what it used to be on election day, 'cause they's twice as many votes in the mahket. Then you cut out the women, jest fo' spite. An' when you go to bed every night an' lay starvin' on a empty stomach, you don't feel much lak singin'.

Wine—women—song. (*Holds up one, two and three fingers in turn.*) Flooey! That's how come this hyah wah to come!

But, mah frien's, don't fo'get that while this hyah was a terrible wah, you had to make the best of it, kase it was the only wah what we got right then.

Lak all otheh calam—calim—calom—Lak all otheh blessin's in disguise, this wah was a blessin' in disguise! Did you eveh stop to cogitate upon that solemn thought? Jes' think what was did fo' you.

You got a nice free trip oveh thar. Goin' oveh, you got mo' than you could eat. If you et it, you didn't keep it. It done you good. An' when you got thar, why the natives, they done you—good. Look what else you got. You got a swell welfare hut, with great men lak mahself to preach words of good cheer.

If you wanted good readin', you had them mottos on the walls (*points*). You feasted yo' eyes upon words of lofty inspiration: "When comin' into this hut, wipe yo' hat an' take off yo' feet." "Enjoy yo'self, but do not feed or annoy the seckatary." What could be finer? An' if you wanted some readin' that was spicy an' excitin', on the table you might find the (*mention a fashion magazine*) fo' a year ago las' February.

If you was hungry, there was the canteen (*points in different direction*). Remember the sign? "Choc'late an' sandwiches, seventy-five centimes. Doughnuts, fifty centimes. Holes free."

They was a lot of hahsh an' unkind words about us welfare workers. Folks spread a lot of slimy slandeh about us patriotic seckataries that give up our freedom to go oveh thar an' fight that glorious wah with song books an' movin' pitchehs, an' did we get any thanks? Mah frien's, take a look at me. Take a look at me. Take a couple o' looks. Take all you want. It's free! .

When this hyah wah busted out an' it looked lak Ah might git drafted, did Ah wait to git drafted? Did Ah? Ah'll say Ah didn't. Ah give up mah good job in a livery stable back home an' Ah tuck the job at a salary of not mo' than twice what Ah was gittin' in civilian life. An' if the wah had lasted long enough, Ah would of went home rich.

Now, mah frien's, this all goes to prove that the wah came to us, not only as a punishment fo' those who lived lives of sin an' wickedness, but as a golden oppo'tunity fo' them that had brains enough to cash in on it. Yes, suh! That's how come this wah to come.

In closin', Ah wish to say that when you is whalin' the life out of us seckataries, remembah what the good book says. You say you don't like to cough up. Well, salvation is free, but the side dishes come extra—an' us seckataries has got to live.

Remembah Jonah an' the whale, which I jes' recollec's is mah tex' fo' this evenin'. Remembah Jonah, but remembah specially the whale. When Jonah got in wrong, didn't the whale have to cough up?

We will now all join heartily in singin' numbeh fo'-eleven-fo'ty-fo', afteh which they will be a free-fo'-all crap game fo' the benefit of the management, an' the sekatary will provide the dice.

That's how come de wah to come!

FINIS.

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A HIGH-HATTIN' COON

Blackface talking act, by Vance Clifford; 2 men. Time, 15 minutes. Mistah Plastic Passé Noodletop, a cullud gem'man, condescends to describe the fashionable agonies of his wedding to a dusky belle, whose ol' man he is depending on to support him. And he collects ten bucks from his white-face friend with which to celebrate.

A MUCH-MARRIED COON

Monologue, by Vance Clifford; 1 man. Time, 10 minutes. Burlap Johnsing has been on de ship of matrimony fo' times an' got torpedoed every time. His present better half darkens his life by insisting that he should work, whereas he is really in pow'ful bad health.

ON YO' WAY, NIGGAH

Monologue, by Franklin Phelps; 1 man. Time, 10 minutes. Crowfoot has mo' bad luck than a Friday-bawn coon wifout a rabbit's foot. First, his wife cruelly refuses to support him. Then thinking himself well qualified by matrimony for prize fighting, he seeks glory in the ring. A riot of merriment.

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Minstrel afterpiece, by Forbes Milliken; 8 men. Time, 30 minutes. Professor Numbskull's college classroom is the scene of great intellectual activity, stimulated by the Professor's liberal use of a club on all students that fall asleep in the mattressmatics or fizzle-ology class. Side-splitting schoolroom sketch, with song-and-dance specialties.

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Blackface sketch, by Forbes Milliken; 8 men, 3 women. Time, 30 minutes. No bride ever had as much bad luck at the altar as Miss Economy Endive. She is left in the lurch twice, but the knot is tied at last. The most hilarious colored wedding on record.

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WHAR'S MAH PANTS?

Blackface sketch, by Vance Clifford; 3 men, 3 women. Time, 25 minutes. An uproariously funny skit, in which Noah Topbottom almost loses his pants, his wife almost loses her bestes' Sunday dress, and his daughter's gem'man friend almost loses his entire stylish outfit.

SCRAMBLED COURTSHIP

Blackface talking act, by Vance Clifford; 1 man, 1 woman. Time, 15 minutes. How to make the bashful Jasper Mugwump pop the question is the problem confronting Hyacinth Pudmuddle. She coyly vamps him with the aid of music and a basket of eggs, and after many laughable mishaps, lands him.

DE LOW-DOWN ON SCIENTIFICS

Monologue, by Vance Clifford; 1 man. Time, 10 minutes. Professor Magnanimous demonstrates to his audience dat atoms ain't nuffin', derefoh mattah am nuffin', and in general shows himself to be just bubbling over with scientific misinformation.

IT WAS DIS WAY, JUDGE

Minstrel afterpiece, by Forbes Milliken; 10 men. Time, 25 minutes. It's a busy and exciting morning in Judge Wrong's police court, what with a foxy detective searching for fingerprints, and twin pickpockets starting a near riot, and the giant prisoner Shanghai running amuck. But the Judge's masterful wife knows how to clean up the entire court room.

DAT DOG-GONE DOG

A disputatious talking act, by Franklin Phelps; 2 women. Time, 10 minutes. Peachbloom and Utopia, two cullud washladies, wrangle haughtily over the depredations of Peachbloom's dog in Utopia's yard. Words and washboards fly briskly, and the result is ten minutes of riotous joy.

GIGGLE GRAVY

Blackface sketch, by Franklin Phelps; 8 men, 2 women. Time, 25 minutes. Teebone Thompson, the talented director, rehearses his company of dusky players in a talking movie. It develops, however, that the camera man forgot to put in de fillum and de talkie operator was running his machine without a record, so the rehearsal is a total loss. A sidesplitting burlesque.



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